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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1912.

DEFEAT THE OFFICEHOLDERS' TRUST.

Vanished are the last lingering doubts in the minds of the most skeptical as to the existence of an officeholders' trust in Virginia. The movement to have the General Assembly re-submit to the people the constitutional amendment limiting the terms of city treasurers to two terms and city commissioners of the revenue to one has furnished convincing proof of the combination of a band of determined men to defeat the interest of the people of Virginia for political and pecuniary purposes. That the bill passed the House with but one dissenting vote and is the special order in the Senate to-day is evidence both of the indifference of some legislators to measures of great public import and of the cringing obedience of others to the city treasurers and commissioners, their lobbyists and friends.

Two separate constitutional amendments relative to treasurers and commissioners were voted on by the people in 1910, and the result was that county treasurers and commissioners were permitted to succeed themselves indefinitely, while city treasurers and commissioners were denied that privilege. There resulted a discrimination, of course, but the people, if left to themselves, would doubtless have limited the terms of both classes of treasurers and commissioners to two terms, but the county treasurers and commissioners, with a powerful and influential machine, accomplished their evil end, while the city treasurers and commissioners did not. Now come the city treasurers and commissioners asking the people to take a step backward just as soon as they have taken a step forward. Rather, because only one step in the right direction was taken, the city treasurers insist that that step shall be retraced.

Why should city treasurers, as well as county treasurers, be limited to two terms? Because if they know that their tenure has a definite limitation they will so handle the public money in their possession that they will settle up fully and properly at the end of eight years. Left unlimited as to terms, these treasurers have in some cases known, and doubtless in many others not known, manipulated wrongly the money in their hands, showing false balances, using the State money for private purposes for long intervals and borrowing from one specific set of funds to make up a deficit in another specific fund. Besides, indefinite terms in office give these treasurers too much political power, enable them to do favors to voters which result in the accumulation of too much political power in one man, allowing him to build up a personal machine almost indestructible.

The city commissioners, as well as county commissioners, should be limited to one term, because if the lure of many terms attracts them they are liable to assess property for political ends and for political purposes, and not for the public interest. Limited to one term, they have no incentive to juggle the tax laws for personal ends and are more likely to assess in the light of the public interest. The proposed amendment places no limit on the tenure of the city commissioner.

The most powerful lobby in Virginia to-day is the officeholders' lobby, and the city treasurers and commissioners form no small part of it. Let us consider on this point the testimony of a correspondent of the Times-Dispatch, a citizen of Christiansburg, whose communication was printed in a late issue. "The power of these treasurers should be broken, and one of the best ways to accomplish this is not to perpetuate them in office," he declares, adding that he was in Richmond on the day and night when the Democratic caucus to nominate a candidate for Auditor of Public Accounts was held, not present as a lobbyist, but on a matter of business, although deeply interested in the success of his fellow-townsmen, the Hon. Charles A. Johnson. For the office referred to, Mr. Johnson and his friends, says this correspondent, "stood in dread of the pernicious influence of the officeholders' trust. The same writer goes on to say:

"I had doubted that there was any such organization in existence, but when I learned that more than sixty telegrams were sent from Richmond on Wednesday night, urging treasurers and clerks to rush to the city so as to be on hand the night of the caucus, when I saw a number of these officers who had responded to the call, when I was informed that there were a large number present who were unknown to me, and when individual instances of their efforts were brought to my attention, all doubts vanished, and there stood the 'trust' disclosed before me in all its arrogance and power. I need mention at least a dozen instances in which they made themselves felt, and should occasion require it will be one. The treasurer of the city of Henrico got in his work well, and yet he is of the class who desire to

perpetuate themselves in office and power."

The work of the lobby here is manifest—the job is almost done. While the Tax Commission bill and other important measures lag along from day to day, this city treasurer and commissioners' bill has sped swiftly through the House and now is before the Senate for passage. It went through the House like a red hot ball. One man in that body had the courage to oppose so vicious and unnecessary a bill. Doubtless not only city treasurers and commissioners of the revenue, but county treasurers and county commissioners of the revenue, and city and county clerks, are all fanning their political influence behind these proposed constitutional amendments. They all pluck the fruits of a common system, and the impairment of any part of it makes inroads on the whole.

"This contest," says the same correspondent quoted above, "should open the eyes of the people and set them thinking, for it discloses the fact that officers of the Commonwealth who are charged with the collection of its revenue have exerted their power and influence to dictate who should be the officer with whom they must account and whose duty it is to call them to book." Herein lies the germ of the evil. These men constitute an almost unconquerable machine, preventing that rotation in office which Mr. Jefferson held so wise, and which the sound sense of mankind has ever demanded. Things have come to such a pass that officeholders constitute rings, controlling and governing the politics of their respective communities. In many cases saying who shall and who shall not hold office, growing so powerful that even members of the General Assembly of Virginia heed the crack of their whip. Special interests have their lobbies, but greatest of all is the lobby of the self-perpetuating officeholders of Virginia. Will the Senate of Virginia yield to the clamor of the lobbyists whose work is against the people's interest and pass this iniquitous measure? If it would render an effective public service to the people of Virginia, the Senate will refuse to give its approval to a measure so destructive of good government, so hostile to the public welfare, and of such doubtful constitutionality.

FINANCIAL DEPRESSIONS AND POLITICAL UNREST.
In his address on Thursday evening, Governor Wilson referred to the spirit of unrest that is in the country and suggested some of the causes for it. The same class of thought that has attributed financial unsettlement to political machination is busily declaring now that the whole trouble with the country is too much politics. Certainly, we are in a period of dull business, nor is there any immediate sign of a greatly quickened activity in speculation or manufacture. But it by no means follows that the slackening up of trade and the depressing slowing down of activity are directly attributable, or even in a large part due, to political novelties suggested by insurgents or reformers.

An unusually thoughtful and instructive article in the current Atlantic Monthly traces back as far as 1641 the close relationship between political unrest and after-panic conditions. A financial headache always follows a speculative riot. It was so in the time of Pharaoh and in the time of Caesar Augustus; it was so in the time of Charles I., Louis XVI., Andrew Jackson, Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt. In every instance the Egyptians or Romans, or English, or French, or whatever they might be, had been buying for the rise, speculating in futures, living extravagantly, and sowing and cultivating seed for a first-class panic. In every case the panic arrived as it always does. The final cause is nearly always some simple, unnoticed fact, like the failure of the Nile to rise, the sinking of a few merchant galleys, a cold winter, or a scanty crop of wheat—just enough to bring conditions to a head and burn down the tottering fabric of speculation. When the temple tumbled, when the house of cards fell down, it always brought a train of sorrow, hard times, suffering and unrest in its wake. If the lesson of history teaches anything it is that the unrest caused politics, and not politics the unrest.

The greatest upheaval in England since its Civil War was the Chartist movement in the forties or early fifties. How wild or how bitter the feeling then was we hardly understand to-day, but conditions were so exasperating and thought to be so dangerous that the Duke of Wellington himself undertook the protection of London, 200,000 constables were sworn in, Prince Louis Napoleon, who was then living in London, volunteered to lead arms, troops were mobilized, and everything was put in readiness for a rebellion that did not take place. Earlier in the Chartist movement jails were stormed, men were hanged, imprisoned and transported; conflicts between the soldiers and the Chartists were of common occurrence, and to be a follower of or a believer in those wild and communitistic doctrines was to write yourself down an enemy of society. It was believed that the passage of the people's charter meant destruction of the British Kingdom, the overthrow of its Constitution and the devotion of its prosperity and of its people to a certain and overwhelming destruction. How strange and foolish these views seem to us to-day.

Six great principles of the charters were, first, manhood suffrage, "which was then called universal suffrage," says McCarthy, "for the promoters of the movement had not the slightest

idea of insinuating the franchise for women." Then came annual Parliaments, votes by ballot, abolition of the property qualifications for membership of Parliament, the payment of members, and the division of the country into equal electoral districts.

To-day not one of these demands seems unobtainable or in any way dangerous; all have been adopted except the division of the country into equal electoral districts, and annual Parliaments. Indeed, matters have gone further—the powers of the House of Lords have been curbed, and England is still prosperous.

The simple fact was that with the removal of the more pressing inequalities of the time and with the increase of comfort for the laboring classes, this political ferment subsided as rapidly as it rose, for, at the time, the cause lay deeper than politics.

With the President of the United States himself calling on Congress to investigate the high cost of living, there can be no doubt that suffering is widespread. Food and foodstuffs have advanced; wages have not, and the result has meant hardship in many cases.

With such an indorsement none can deny the basis for unrest, and, in reaching a conclusion, the voters should never forget that political demands which are intrinsically sound will help everybody, and those that are specious and visionary are bound to perish in the test.

HONEST ELECTION LEGISLATION.

The wholesale fronting of election frauds in Southwest Virginia has resulted in a demand for a corrupt practices act that would really be effective. Two bills covering this point have already been drawn, the one by Judge Archer A. Phlegar, which was introduced by Dr. Crockett, in the Senate; another bill, having the same object in view, introduced by John W. Chaikley, of Wise county, in the House.

The Times-Dispatch has already discussed the novel provision of Judge Phlegar's bill, and it now seems likely that Dr. Crockett will amend his measure in accordance with the terms set forth in the bill introduced by Delegate Chaikley. It is understood that the Chaikley measure embodies the ideas of Judge Skeen, whose courageous and splendid support of pure elections has been the one redeeming spot in a wilderness of corruption.

The bill as introduced by Mr. Chaikley is intended to amend the old Barksdale law, and remedy its weaknesses. To accomplish this, section 2 of the Chaikley bill provides that no person, in addition to the prohibitions set forth in the Barksdale law, shall use or distribute any intoxicating liquor or other valuable thing, to whomsoever belonging or however or wherever acquired, possessed or controlled by him, to influence the vote of any person entitled to vote, and further, that any voter receiving or agreeing to receive, directly or indirectly, any such money, intoxicating liquor or other valuable thing for or to influence his vote shall be subject to a fine of not more than \$1,000, and shall, after conviction, be perpetually disfranchised. Another section is added to this bill giving immunity to all witnesses.

The bill as introduced by Mr. Chaikley has none of the novel provisions of Dr. Crockett's measure, but it is efficient enough in the hands of an honest Commonwealth's attorney and fearless judge to make the corrupt use of money or liquor in elections far more dangerous and unlikely than has been the case for many years in some sections of this State.

The Legislature seems to be at serious odds over the tax laws; let us hope that while the subcommittee are reporting on segregation the General Assembly will take time to pass the Chaikley measure and thereby make it possible to secure evidence and to punish the wrongdoer without having to labor against the conditions which have so hampered Judge Skeen. No State can guarantee honest elections in dishonest communities, but Virginia can make dishonesty in elections both profitless and penal, and can assure her duly constituted officers that they will have a workable and efficient law behind them when they prosecute.

CASTING THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

Some men have meticulously suggested that if women usurp the privileges of masculinity, an unavoidable result will be the feminization of men. Man will become beautiful and bear it blushing, while mere woman will step into man's homely estate. The account of a Leap Year dance lately given in Spartanburg, the capital of the South Carolina up-country, gives an indication of what coming social events under the revised social system will be like. At Burgess Hall last week, we are told, Spartanburg's "handsomest" were "the recipients of delightful attention from the city's fairest." At the dance the girls were dressed in conventions, evening clothes, but the men were most becomingly gowned. One wore "a charming costume of elegant broadcloth, relieved by a handsome shepherd check vest"; a Danville girl was the escort of Mr. Arthur Logan, a strawberry blonde, who "wore a fetching creation of drap d'ete with tulle, lace and corrugated woven plique vest, while the American Beauties which he carried admirably set off his striking type of blonde beauty." Mr. J. J. Jenkins wore "a costume of the simply draped and lightened with touches of white here and there" to which was added "his ancestral jewels." Mr. Frank Klugh "one of the beautiful young birds of the season,

was simply gowned in a clinging costume of black." Wardlaw Smith was "conventionally robed in a cutaway coat, ecru vest and diamond studs. Mr. Smith carried a large white ostrich fan." Stunning and "sporty" this one—evidently, from the diamond display, a most desirable match. Mr. Tom Evans "looked quite stunning in a magnificent suit with princess effect." There were several stags, mere plain clothes women. "About twenty-five married couples were of great assistance in chaperoning the young gentlemen."

It may seriously come to this some day. Who knows?

A number of the legislators are writing letters to their home papers detailing the work of the General Assembly, and the idea is a good one, for the legislator owes some report to the people who employed him as their agent. By the way, none of these letters says anything as to what the writer is going to do about abolishing the extravagant fee system, which is taking thousands of dollars from the people to swell the incomes of fee officials. It would be well if the legislators would speak up on this matter.

The Lunenburg Tribune is still supreme in Kenbridge, despite the recent changes in its organization, and is one of the liveliest county newspapers in the Old Dominion. Editors Kennedy and Ozlin are following an editorial policy that will surely make for the greater prosperity of the fine section which the Tribune so well serves.

Nowhere has the irreverent spirit of some American cartoonists been more atrociously displayed than in a recent series entitled, "History in a Modern Picture Frame," a set of ludicrous pictures in which the speakers use present day slang. The latest represents the immortal Henry making his immortal speech, his noble person grossly caricatured, speaking to an audience of absurd-looking men in present day dress. One of these men in the audience is represented as saying, "He's stealing George Cohan's stuff." George Cohan being a loud-mouthed, blatant New York comedian, a second with his feet on his desk, a very coarse looking person indeed, utters this sentiment: "I knew him when he used to drink his coffee out of a saucer." A third protests that, "They ought to live up things with a few ragtime selections." Most disgraceful of all is the translation of a famous classic of American eloquence into slang, for Henry's speech is thus presented:

"Gentlemen: Let us not kid ourselves longer. The British ministry has peddled us the bunk and we have all flopped like a pack of helpless boobies. Take my tip, boys, we're in Dutch—my goat is gone. Believe me, gentlemen, they have pulled a marked deck on us, and it is now our turn to kick in with the rough stuff. Are we going to stick around like a bunch of sumps and let them get away with it? I am jerry to their stall. I know not how other folks are going to tackle this job, but as for your Uncle Patrick give me a Reno or let me croak!"

Such is the spirit of irreverence working perniciously to undermine our respect for the past and our belief in the great men of days gone by and the things for which they stood. The promulgators of such doctrines, the foes of representative government, the enemies of the judiciary are animated by the same iconoclastic spirit which moves the cartoonist to profane patriotism.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Silver Coin.
Was there ever in the United States a silver coin of the value or denomination of \$2.50?
READER.
There is no record of such a coin in any book we have examined.

Broad Street Theatre.
What year was the theatre at Seventh and Broad torn down? What was the last play given there?
MISS T. H.
1906. Can any one tell?

Turpentine.
Which is the State producing the largest yield of turpentine?
N. X.
Florida.

Corbunary.
Please inform me who was Lord Corbunary in American history.
R. P.
A kinsman of Queen Anne and Governor of New Jersey and New York.

Who's Who.
Please give the name of the leader of the New York Symphony Orchestra and of the president of the Lake Shore Railway.
J. M. BROWN.
Joseph Stransky. W. C. Brown.

Sherman's saying.
Who said "Saying is hell"?
DR. ROCK.
The saying is always attributed to General W. T. Sherman.

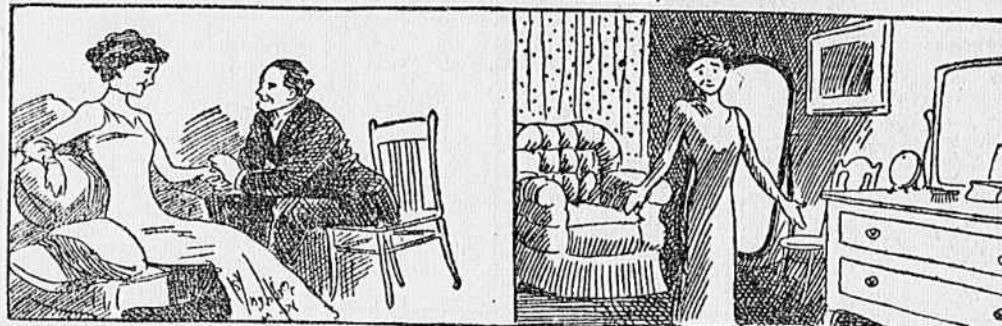
Abe Martin

A letter will fight with his wife at breakfast and a waiter at noon. It takes a pretty smart fellow to admit that he's wrong.

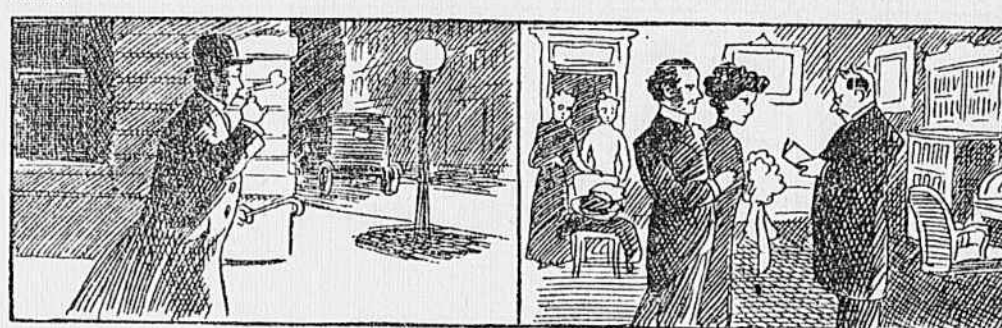
THE SOLEMNITY OF MANY MODERN MARRIAGES.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.)



"Come on, let's take a chance at this matrimonial game."
"All right. I'm not crazy about you, but I'll take a chance."



"This matrimonial game is a gamble any way you take it. If I get tired of it, me for the divorce court."
"Do you promise to love, honor, and obey—for better or for worse—till death do you part?"



"Well, now for double harness."
"I wish to get a divorce. My husband and I are incompatible. He nearly struck me one day."

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Romance.

A sweet young thing named Arabella has written and asked us to pen a great romantic poem, one that will go thundering down through the ages along with "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." We have never written any poetry, and November is a poor month for thundering purposes, but will do our best for the young lady. Angels could do no more.)

Oh how well do I remember
It was in cold December
When my Arabella said she would be mine.

Oh, I had no need to worry,
She accepted in a hurry,
For my Arabella then was twenty-nine.

Oh, my life was sweet as honey,
And 'twas always bright and sunny,
And she made me out a hero all the while.

Oh, my heart beat like a hammer,
Like the heroes in the drummer,
And I used to pose and try to show my style.

And whenever she said "nothing,"
Though it didn't "mount to nothing,"
I agreed with her and we did never fight.

Oh, she let me do my bragging,
And she showed no sign of nagging,
For she seemed to think that all I did was right.

Oh, at last we were wedded,
And the final words were saided,
And the married folks all sadly shook our heads.

Oh, delicious joys and blisses,
We would give on love and kisses,
And the future for us two was simply grand.

Now, accordin' to the rumor,
I'm an ultimate consumer,
Ever since we left the rectory,
I've been dodgin' bill collectors.

And I've got a lot of patches on my trousers,
And my handsome Arabeller,
She ain't quite so soft and mellow—
She is gettin' so that she kin see my faults.

Oh, when she gets good and busy
She can talk until I'm dizzy,
And I feel like I was turnin' somersaults.

Oh, of course, it may sound funny,
But it ain't all milk and honey,
When a couple has been wedded twenty years.

There's a lot of pain and sorrow,
That you do not have to borrow,
And a lot of little chances for the wife.

I ain't swimmin' no Atlantic
Or aint' doin' things romantic,
And she don't call me no hero now-a-days.

But I love my Arabeller,
And I'm still her stiddy feller,
And we've traveled on together quite a ways.

Caught on the Fly.

The question has been raised as to why so many authors' wives are getting divorces and the answer probably is because they married authors. No other excuse is necessary.
Champ Clark says the Republicans will be split and will nominate two candidates for President. Well, it should be some consolation to Champ to know that only one of them can win.

Reports from France say there is a scarcity of wild ducks, but there will always be one wild duck while Bonnie de Castellane is on earth.

Mr. Carnegie is probably convinced by this time that peace and simplified spelling are two things that the world doesn't want.

A rich vein of soft coal has been discovered at Flint, Mich. A rich vein of soft soap was discovered there some time ago.

The Emperor of China is only three years old, and China just now is not a beautiful place for children.

Evidently they can raise something beside roosters in Shanghai.
But the campaign will not really open until the traveling men begin taking straw votes on trains.
Chicago is to have a magazine for

Some Seasonable Hints.

If you can't sleep in the house nights on account of the oppressive humidity, try an out-of-doors sleeping apartment. If you can't afford to have one built on the back end of your house, buy a small tent and pitch it in the backyard. If you leave the flaps on each end of the tent open the wind will sweep through and it will have the same effect as though you had one of the fancy screened-in sleeping porches.

Frequent ice water baths during the day will relieve you from the heat and enable you to stand it better. Electric fans placed at various points about the homes will also help.

A good place to go to escape the heat is down in the potato bin. If you can afford to go out of town hire a yacht and take a long cruise on the ocean where the breeze is always fresh.

Wear sensible thin clothing. Fish net underwear serves to keep you cool.

When a person is overcome by the intense heat on the street, soak his or her feet in hot water.

Don't eat much meat and keep your temper and you will be able to keep cooler. No matter how hot it may be out of doors.

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a state of evolution. Because a reversed sage could not foresee these unfolding developments is no argument against their validity, for can his ignorance be twisted into disapprobation. The home is broader than it was in Jefferson's time, owing to a trend in human development mightier than he could fully conceive, and evidently the kind of influence which neither the French nation nor the American republic of his day took into account in their plans of reform—the influence of woman in government—is being realized.

The petition of Virginia women to their State Legislature for the right of equal suffrage bears, however, no analogy to those solicitations of the French women of 1788, which bade "defiance to laws and regulations."

We are asking with perfect dignity for the realization of a principle of justice, and our women bear no more resemblance to the corrupt dames of the court of Louis XVI. than does their petition for general political liberty bear resemblance to the small individual claims for place and power on behalf of relatives advanced by the French courtiers who antedated and precipitated the French Revolution.

Allow me to remind you that "the precious habit of considering right as a barrier against all solicitation" is well invoked by the gentleman who themselves have erected the art of lobbying into a distinct department of political administration. Right is, and should be, a barrier against all solicitation—right, not prejudice.

MRS. JOHN H. LEWIS,
Richmond.

A Song of Childhood.

Sing me a song of a vanished day,
When fancy of joy rose high,
To lift and bear the spirit away,
Like a sunbeam through the sky.

Let the voice be calm and appealing,
And ring with a longing tone,
As the loneliness round me stealing,
Makes my heart in silence groan.

Take me back to the wilds of childhood,
With the sweetness of thy voice,
That I may, amid wild and wildwood,
As of old, roam and rejoice.

Then the care that I fain would banish,
Will change to a rosy light;
Dear phantasms of lonely views, vanish,
And all will again seem bright.

Chant the notes with a yearning spirit,
That they may accord with mine,
As the heart craves echoes to cheer
It.

Along a responsive line,
My thought in the music will wander,
Until I am lost in dreams;
While scenes of the soul will grow fonder,
And each thing as what it seems.

The way of the world becomes weary,
And my feelings yearn to stray
Amid paths that are bright and cheery,
So sing me a childhood lay.

I soon will forget harsh resistance,
As the chords sweep me along,
And shall drift away in the distance,
On the airy wings of song.

The rapture and recollection,
That the hymn will wake in me,
Will kindle a cheerful reflection
Round the joy that used to be.

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Depository for the funds of United States Government,
Commonwealth of Virginia, city of Richmond.

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